

# Jasper Weekly Courier.

VOL. 57.

JASPER, INDIANA, FRIDAY, APRIL 30, 1915,

No. 30.

## IT SHOOK HIS NERVES.

An Incident That Made a Man Feel Queer For Awhile.

"One night," said a lawyer, "I was preparing some tedious pleadings which had to be submitted to court the following morning, and, knowing that I would need every moment of my time, I locked myself in a small private consultation room in the rear of my suit, where no chance caller could interrupt me. The room is very diminutive, with only one window, looking into a court, and no furniture except a table and two or three chairs. Well, I worked on steadily hour after hour long after the city had settled into sleep and silence. The building was so still I could hear even an occasional mouse scamper across the floor alone. At last I concluded the task and, sitting erect in my chair, began to stretch my cramped limbs.

"As I did so my eyes happened to fall on a lighted cigar stump lying on the carpet not four feet away, and I stopped stock still, frozen with amazement. I do not smoke. I had been sitting for hours in that little locked room. I could swear that no one had entered. The window was tightly closed, yet there right at my feet lay a half consumed cigar with a great live coal still glowing at the end. It seems ridiculous to confess, but a thrill of horror ran through me like a galvanic shock. A hallucination of any kind is an appalling thing; it makes no difference how grotesque or homely the subject. It carries such frightful suggestion of breakdown in one's mental engine room.

"Well, I finally summoned up enough nerve to stoop down and examine the stump, and what do you think it was? Why, a tin foil capsule from the top of an ordinary quart bottle of mucilage. In stripping it off it had assumed the circular twist of a cigar and, the foil being brown, was just the right color. The red seal at the top formed the coal, and a yard or so away the illusion was perfect. I drew a deep breath of relief, but it was actually several days before my nerves resumed their normal tension."

New Orleans Times-Democrat.

### Strong Words.

Big words pass for sense with some people and sometimes may be very successfully used when nothing else will answer, says an English writer. Thus when a man, in great alarm, ran to his minister to tell him he could see spots on the sun and thought the world must be coming to an end, "Oh, don't be afraid," said the good minister, "it's nothing but a phantasmagoria." "Is that all?" said the frightened man, and then he went away relieved.

A very smart lawyer some time since had the misfortune to lose a case for a client who had every reason to expect success. The client, a plain old farmer, was astounded by the long bill of costs and, hastening to the lawyer's office, said, "I thought you told me we should certainly gain that suit?" "So I did," answered the lawyer, "but, you see when I brought it up there before the judges they said it was a quorum non judice." "Well, if they said it was as bad as that," replied the old farmer, "I don't wonder we lost it." And he paid the costs and a big fee besides without another murmur.

### He Would Get Over.

"If he's as good as he looks," said Lord Archie, "he'll do."

"Thy him, yer honor, thray him," said Delaney confidently. "I've a grand field and plenty of jumps."

The colt was saddled, and Lord Archie mounted. He first galloped around the field, about twenty acres in extent, and then took him over a couple of hurdles, a wide turf fence and finally a stone wall quite five feet high. King Brian jumped like a stag, he could go a good pace, and his mouth was perfection.

"How about water?" asked his lordship.

"Wather, is it?" said Delaney, with supreme disdain. "Sure, if ye put him at the river Shannon he wouldn't balk."

"Do you think he'd clear it?"

"Well, no, yer honor," replied Delaney thoughtfully. "I wouldn't go as far as that. But, he'd, he'd, he'd, with an air of conviction, "what he didn't jump he'd swim!"

—London Answers.

## A NARROW ESCAPE.

Presence of Mind in the Face of a Terrible Danger.

One of the strangest incidents of the sepoy rebellion is told by William Forbes Mitchell in his "Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny." Mr. Mitchell, who was sergeant of a highland regiment, had the misfortune during a battle to lose the greatest which every soldier carried folded in what was known as a "Crimean roll" and strapped to the shoulders in such a manner that it crossed the breast:

Many a man owed his life to the fact that bullets became spent in passing through these rolls. It happened that in the heat of the fight my roll was cut right through where the two ends were fastened together by the stroke of a keen edged tulwar, which was intended to cut me.

As the day was warm, I was rather glad to get rid of it, but by 10 o'clock at night there was a difference in temperature, and when I was relieved from patrol duty and wanted to lie down to sleep I felt the cold, wet grass anything but comfortable, for a kilt is not the most suitable article of dress on a cold November night in upper India.

My company was encamped in and about the tomb of the first king of Oudh. A large inclosure surrounded the building of the tomb itself, and on the inside of this were small rooms built for the accommodation of pilgrims. When I entered the inclosure I noticed these apartments and asked permission to sleep in one of them, but was refused. I had to make the best of my position, but was too uncomfortable to sleep.

It struck me that some of the sepoys might have dropped their blankets in their hurried departure. With this hope I went into one of the rooms where a lamp was burning, took it off the shelf and walked to the door of the great domed mosque or tomb.

I peered into the dark, but could see nothing, so I advanced slowly, holding the lamp over my head, looking cautiously around until I was in the center of the great vault, where my progress was obstructed by a big black heap about four or five feet high, which felt to my feet like loose sand.

I lowered my lamp and discovered I was standing ankle deep in loose gunpowder. About forty hundredweight of it lay under my nose, and a hasty glance around showed me twenty or thirty barrels of the same substance, over a hundred eight-inch shells, all loaded and with fuses fixed, and a profusion of spare fuses and slow matches lying about.

I took in my danger at a glance. There I was, up to my knees nearly in gunpowder, with a naked light in my hand. My hair literally stood on end, and my knees knocked together. Cold perspiration broke out all over me. I had neither cloth nor handkerchief in my pocket with which to extinguish my light, and the next moment might be my last, for the overhanging wick already threatened to send the smoldering red top to my feet, with consequences too dreadful to contemplate.

Quick as thought I put my left hand under the down dropping flame and, clasping it firmly, slowly turned to the door.

Fear so overcame all other sensation that I felt no pain of the burn until I was outside. Then it was sharp enough. I poured the oil from the lamp into my burned hand. Then I knelt down and thanked God.

Next I staggered to Captain Dawson and told him. He did not believe me and told me I had waked up from a dream. I showed him the powder still sticking on my wet feet. He instantly roused the sleeping men and quenched every spark of fire on the premises.

### The Nature of the Beast.

Mrs. Gunson was entertaining a visitor when Nora appeared at the door of the drawing room.

"Praise, mum, will yez tell me phat yez want done wid th' oyster shells yez left from lunch?" she inquired.

"I want them thrown away, of course," replied Mrs. Gunson.

"Yis, mum. But Oi didn't know phere to throw them," replied Nora.

"Do they be ashes or jarbridge?"

—John.

## A WARNING.

The Utter Uselessness of Taking a Course in German.

A customer during a trying on asked her dressmaker, whose son was at college, if he were pursuing a general course or specializing in any particular branch. The answer came promptly, through a mouthful of pins:

"Sanskrit, ma'am. He's specializing in Sanskrit. I can't say but I'd have preferred something a bit more usual in the way of education—something more plain tailor made for every day like. Sanskrit's such a fussy study."

Her criticism, if oddly worded, was comprehensible and not unintelligent. Less reasonable and equally unexpected were the remarks of an old farmer in a remote hill village upon the favorite studies of his son. He had always been suspicious of the higher education and was far from pleased when his Joe, whom he wished to keep on the farm, obtained a scholarship.

"Languages may be all right for folks that's born to 'em in foreign parts," he declared recently, with impressive deliberation, "but a man that ain't had better talk plain Yankee and do things."

"To see that boy of mine sit down with a book ye can't read, saying over words ye can't sense—jest putter, putter, mutter, mutter, sputter, sputter—why, it makes me fair sick. And for all he's been at it most a year, he can't make those Italians on the highway understand three words together. He owns himself he can't."

"It is Italian he is studying, then?" the listener murmured politely.

"No, 'tain't; it's German," admitted the old man in a reluctant growl. "But a precious poor excuse I call that, and so I told him."

"I don't care if 'tain't their own lingo, Joe," says I. "It oughter come a long sight nigher to it than jest United States talk. Squeezed all up together the way folks be on the map o' Europe, course they must get used to each others' talk enough to make each other out."

"Bet ye my Sunday-go-to-meeting hat," I told him, "if ye talked reel German to those Italians they'd understand ye!"

"But he can't. All he can do 's to set in a corner with his book, putter puttering and sputter sputtering."

"Don't ye talk to me about colleges! Joe's a warning."—Youth's Companion.

### Would Suit Him Better.



Aunt—Willie, an angel brought your mamma such a nice new brother for you last night. Wouldn't you like to see the dear little baby?

Willie—No; but I'd like to see the angel—Punch.

### Forced to Surrender.

The young man had asked the father for his daughter and been refused.

"Then you will not give me Jane?" he hoarsely demanded.

"I didn't speak in Volapuk, did I?" sneered Jane's father.

The young man paused at the door.

"I am considered a good looking fellow," he said. "Ladies turn and stare after me as I pass along the street. Your cook smiled at me to-night while I lingered at the side door. I returned the smile. Now I will follow up this favorable impression. I will make love to the cook. In a week we will elope!"

The old man turned pale.

"Don't talk like that!" he gasped. "You wouldn't be cruel enough to rob us of our cook! No, no! Not another word! Jane is yours!"

Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## Prohibition Not a Moral Issue

By JAMES C. KELLY

Prohibition promises improved morals. It agrees to promote temperance, but right here in Indiana where it is being tried it has failed to live up to its contract. Our so-called "dry" cities not only do not compare favorably with our license cities, but on the other hand, official figures prove that the license cities are about one-half as immoral or as intemperate in the use of liquors as the "dry" communities.

To prove this contention I have selected twelve county seat towns, none of them having a population of over 10,000 or less than 6,000. Six of these cities were "dry" and six of them had the license system in 1913. Any one of them is typical of the Indiana county seat city. I have taken from the report of the State Statistician for the year 1913 the total number of arrests for misdemeanors or crimes in the courts of these cities and also the total number of arrests for intoxication. Further, in order to base the comparison upon the exact population, I have calculated the number of arrests for intoxication to each 1,000 inhabitants in these cities.

The following figures are official and speak for themselves:

### SIX "DRY" CITIES 1913

	Population 1910	Total Arrests 1913	Arrests for Intoxication 1913	No. Arrests for Intoxication to each 1,000 Pop.
Bloomington.....	8838	273	160	18.1
Bedford.....	8716	279	164	18.8
Crawfordsville.....	9371	250	157	16.8
Frankfort.....	8634	220	56	6.5
Princeton.....	6448	143	57	8.8
Wabash.....	8687	167	100	11.5
Totals.....	50694	1332	694	80.5

Average number arrests for intoxication to each 1,000 population.....13.4

### SIX LICENSE CITIES 1913

	Population 1910	Total Arrests 1913	Arrests for Intoxication 1913	No. Arrests for Intoxication to each 1,000 Pop.
Brazil.....	9340	140	49	5.2
Columbus.....	8813	300	124	14.1
Connersville.....	7738	119	87	11.2
Hartford City.....	6187	42	19	3.1
Valparaiso.....	6987	38	23	3.3
Washington.....	7854	221	91	11.6
Totals.....	46919	860	393	48.5

Average number of arrests for intoxication to each 1,000 population.....8.1

If prohibition is a moral proposition, why are the city courts of Bloomington, Bedford and other "dry" cities almost twice as busy as those of the license cities mentioned above? If prohibition means temperance, why were there 694 cases of intoxication in these six "dry" cities and only 393 in the license cities.

Prohibition may be an experiment, but Indiana cities can profitably examine the result in communities where it is being tried before submitting to the professional reformers who would force it upon them.—Adv.

Note: Figures quoted above taken from the official report of the Indiana Department of Statistics.

### What Attracted the Attention of the Solemn Faced Man.

One of our southern salesmen brought home the following from his last trip:

The proprietor of a tanyard built a stand on one of the main streets of a Virginia town for the purpose of selling leather and buying new hides.

When he had completed the building, he considered for a long time what sort of a sign to put up to attract attention to the new establishment. Finally a happy thought struck him.

He bored an auger hole through the doorpost and stuck a calf's tail into it with the tufted end outside.

After awhile he saw a solemn faced man standing near the door looking at the sign. The tanner watched him a minute and then stepped out and addressed him.

"Good morning, sir," he said.

"Morning!" said the other, without taking his eyes off the sign.

"Want to buy leather?" asked the tanner.

"No."

"Got any hides to sell?"

"No."

"Are you a farmer?"

"No."

"Merchant?"

"No."

"Lawyer?"

"No."

"Doctor?"

"No."

"What are you, then?"

"I am a philosopher. I've been standing here for an hour trying to figure out how that calf got through that auger hole."—Boot Strap.

## LAMPERT & BOCKELMAN

General Merchandise

Shoes and Clothing,  
Dry Goods, Notions,  
Staple and Fancy  
Groceries.

Country Produce Wanted  
Give us a Call.

Phone 60. Free Delivery.  
West Sixth Street.

JASPER - IND.